YOUTHS LOOKINGGLASS,

WWherein they may behold the Frailties and Vanities of all things under the Sun.

ALSO

Seasonable Admonitions and Instructions for every Age and qualification of Mankind in general.

Readers who ere you are, you here may find
Your own conditions if this book you mind.

Printed for *J. Williamson.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

YOUTHS LOOKINGGLASS,

Wherein they may behold the frailtyes and vanities of all things under the Sun, &c.

ONe pleasant Evening in a shady Grove (Love
My thoughts being free from business & from
I there could see the trees were flourishing
On which the pritty birds did sit and sing:
And Madam *Flora* had bedeckt each field (yield
With fragrant flowers, which did much comfort
Unto my senses: on the other side
Making great sport the pretty Lambs I spy'd.
They leap, they run and from their Dams they stray
Then back return, half tyr'd with their play:
Well pleas'd with this under a shady tree
Whose well spread branches were my Canopy,
I sate me down, considering in what state
Of happiness, the Almighty did Create
Mankind, who over all things was made Lord,
And all things to him comfort do afford:
Yet for all this poor man must surely dye
And leave the world to his posterity;
The thoughts of which at last my mind did bend
To write man's state from's infancy to's end.

First from the Cradle I will contemplate
And view the new-born babe who cannot prate;
Nor sign can make for what it wants, but cry,
Whilst patient Nurse sits singing Lullaby:
Yet for all that it will not be content
Until the Breast affords it nourishment,
Which having had, sleep locks up its sweet eyes
And innocently down the infant lies.
In its first state not knowing what you say
But sleeps and frowardly cryes the time away.
Whilst quiet, tis a pritty pleasing thing
But when untoward it doth disquiets bring:
Thus void of sense twelve moneths are dully spent,
The child no pleasure knows, nor Nurse content,
But time progreding the child grows amain
And now some little sense it doth obtain,
Whilst lying in the lap it laughs and smiles
Which pritty charms the mothers heart beguiles,
It gapes and crows and playes before it stands
Grasping the Nurses Bubbies with its hands,
Playing with the breasts, being nourished by sleep
The pritty boy at length begins to creep
About the house, and tumble up and down,
Thus is with all, though born to great renown.
Years coming on, this pritty wanton fooll
At three or four years old is sent to schooll,
To learn his *A B C*; poor child! tis hard
That he of so much play must be debar'd:

At

At six or seven years old excuse he'l make
If in a fault you chance the Lad to take.
Ask him who did it, straight he cryes not I,
Observe how soon he'l learn to tell a lye,
This proves Original sin in all mankind
Since our first Parents did the Apple find,
At nine or ten he learns to understand
His English, and the Bible can command,
His Accidence he has at fingers end
And with his Schoolfellow seems to contend,
For grand precedency in Classick rules
And baffles such as are soft headed fooles.
Then cock a hoop the rest he doth deride
Oh who but he; thus enters sin of Pride.
Into the teens being enter'd he grows bold,
And scorns by every one to be controul'd;
He's now asham'd at Push-pin for to play
And throws his Cat and Catstick quite away:
At Nine pins he amongst the biggar crew
Consorts himself resolving to pursue
Most Man-like Exercises, observing how
Young men the Maidens Buss; and finding now
His Nature prompt him that he should do so,
Ere you can tell whether he'l have beard or no,
Asham'd to venture yet he longs to try
But fears the Virgin will a kiss deny
And check his offers calling of him boy
Saying fy fond Lad, you are too young to toy;

The thought of this makes him a while forbear
Until he's riper by another year.
About eighteen the youngster thinks of Love,
And fancy of enjoyment doth him move;
He casts an Eye upon some sweet fac'd maid
And is by *Cupid* amourously betray'd.
He courts with all the Rhetorick he can,
She scornfully denyes the new-grown man.
His youthful blood most passionately burns,
He cannot sleep, but tosses, tumbles, turns.
All night in bed; no rest can close his eyes,
But cryes out Lovely *Celia* dont despise
Thy Lovers sighs and tears, grant Love again;
Oh pitty pitty me and ease my pain.
Thus is he trapt, thus is the youth ensnar'd
Grown up to troubles all mankinds reward.
Having past twenty then perhaps he sees
The folly of his earthly vanities.
Being now full grown in strength he looks about,
Desirous for to find new glories out
By some Atchievement of his own, saying none
Can claim descended Honours for his own.
Those noble acts my Ancestors have done
Are none of mine now they are dead and gone.
I must find out some way to magnify
My Name, and act such things as cannot dy.
Twill nothing me avail to hear men tell
My Fathers valour none could parallel,

And I a coward; no, I have a ſoul
That dares the fury of the Fates controul.
Ile do ſuch deeds in ſerving of my King
That Chriſtendome of my renown ſhall ring.
I was not born to ſleep in womens arms
Nor be deluded by their wanton charms.
I will out-look their eyes though full of darts,
They have no power to wound couragious hearts.
Fond puny mortals may perchance ſubmit
And I in Nonage when I wanted wit
Was one of thoſe, then I could ſigh and cry
If my proud Miſtreſs did a kiſs deny.
The more I ſtriv'd to humor her, the more
She ſlighted me, baſe damn'd imperious whore,
She captive lead me till more riper years
Of bleſs'd diſcretion made me aſham'd of tears.
Now rouſing up my ſenſes I defy
The ſtrongeſt of their charmes and ſubtility.
Thus ſpeaks the generous youth, whilſt in his prime
And counts fond Love a childiſh idle crime.
Trumpets and Drums are now his chief delight,
They that will honour win muſt dare to fight.
The choiceſt of his youth thus ſpent and gone
Arriv'd at thirty or at thirty one.
He now conſiders of the time that's paſt
And whats to come, finding youth will not laſt.
He ſticks cloſe to his buſineſs and keeps home
Reſolving never more abroad to roam.

But

But turns a Statesman politick and good
Assisting now by councel not with blood,
And being happily in marriage ty'd
Unto a vertuous well descended Bride,
Is bless'd with children who about him run
To ask him blessing every rising sun;
Which joyes his heart that he should live to see
So sweet an issue for posterity.
The mother no less joy'd but bears a part
And gives her benediction from her heart.
At forty he consults his interest
An hoards up Gold and Silver in his chest,
He now bethinks that his prime age is gone
And childrens marriage time is coming on,
His daughters must have portions equal to
Their husbands fortunes else Love will not do.
The Heirs Estate must not divided be
But kept intire for his Posterity.
This makes him look about him and contrive
If he their settlements chance to survive,
How he shall best bestow himself and where,
Which the best Climate is and sweetest Air.
For now at fifty he begins to find
His (once warm) blood to chilness is inclin'd
Bloes bore in youth, are now to aches turn'd,
And spirits fainting which with heat once burn'd;
But scorns as you should call him old as yet
He'l rather strive beyond his strength to get

Him-

Himself esteem amongst the younger crew,
He tricks and trims yet all this will not do.
For sixty comes and bids him now prepare
Dayes of thy life but few and Evil are.
A fainting Traveller; a wearied soul
Who, days mispent with sorrow, does controul.
To give good counsel now he does begin,
Confessing youthful vanites are sin;
Age sees oft-times too late what should have been
Well weigh'd in youth, and then have been foreseen:
Yet not to make a grand mistake in this
To think that Youth and Age suitable is;
No that would make all man, no youth at all;
We know man has a rise before his fall:
Our childhood ought not to be counted vain
With children, childish actions will remain.
Till riper years give summons to betake
Our selves to actions that may happily make.
Threescore is peevish yet would be thought wise
He pleads antiquity, and will despise
All youthful contradictions; mark ye then (when
How dare you prate (quoth he) young Rascals
My age you do consider? what I have done
This forty, fifty years, it is well known
Was bravely done, not to be held in scorn
By beardless boyes that were but lately born.
I never was no blockhead, no not I,
But spritely from my infancy.

The

The very thoughts of my paſt youthful age
How brisk, how free, how nimble to engage
Each Gamſter, and how well I play'd my part,
The thoughts of this, I ſay, revives my heart,
And heightens ſo my ſenſes, I could fain
Shake off Old Age, and once grow young again.
But man, like to a flower which from the earth
Firſt ſprings a little, and from thence takes birth:
Then ſhoots and ſlips up higher, till at length
Its tender ſtalk begins to gather ſtrength.
Then Blooming ripe, its glory forth doth ſpread,
A fragrant bloſſome from its fruitful head,
So flouriſhes a time, then ſnatcht away
By Sithe, or elſe do wither and decay.
Juſt ſo it is with Man in every ſtate (ate,
Whom heavens great King did from the earth cre-
Firſt Infant, then a Youth, then full grown man
Then down the hill he goes do what he can.
When old age comes, this life muſt be forſaken
And man return from whence he firſt was taken.
Now he bethinks him of his latter end,
And vows in prayers his little time to ſpend;
And ſitting by the fire he does relate
Unto his children all his former ſtate:
What worthy deeds he has done in youthful dayes,
How that above ſome others he got praiſe;
This to my comfort now at laſt I find,
To all I ever bore an honeſt mind.

Be

Be valiant now my boyes keep up my name,
To my renown add everlasting fame;
Let no vile woman crop your blooming years,
Believe 'em not though they shed thousand tears:
But oh the Gout, the Palsie shakes me sore,
Aches and pains do make me cry and roar;
Thus Time doth handle him, for none he stayes
But hastens on till man fulfils his dayes.
Now weary, Seaventy drawes upon his head,
And bids him now prepare himself for bed:
That manly face once ruddy, fresh and clear,
Is now made pale and wrinkles do appear
Strength fails and those strong Nerves which scorn'd
That once made death to fly th'open field, (to yield.
Are now grown feeble; now he's fain to creep,
And once strong eyes, with rheume now dayly weep,
One hand on staff another on the wall
Must guide him now, or else the man must fall:
He stoops down low, and reverence gives to earth
From whence mankind derived his first birth,
Which makes divineſt Oracle out plain
From dust I came, to dust must turn again.
Now he complains, my life is burthensome,
Oh gentle Death I now intreat thee come!
Come out I prethee, life's untwisted thread
All worldly joyes are gone, each part is dead;
This bed of mine is all the world I have,
Nor can I find out rest till in the grave.

My

My ſences now decay, I childiſh grow
I find no pleaſure in this world below,
My friends do viſit me but all in vain,
Ther's none can eaſe me of my cruel pain.
Vain world adieu my glaſs is almoſt run
My time will ſet before the ſetting Sun:
Welcome cold death I do not fear to dye
My ſoul is ſoaring now to Heaven high.
Thus have I run through man's troubled ſtate,
From's infancy unto his lateſt fate,
Here is the infant in his ſwadling clout
The pratling boy that now can run about,
The Lad, the Youth, the Stripling and the Man,
who one and twenty now look over can.
From thence to thirty, forty, fifty then,
They are accounted pritty ancient men.
Then ſixty comes, and ſome do ſeventy gain,
But thoſe laſt dayes are ſpent in grief and pain,
Threeſcore and ten as *David* doth you tell
Shall man's dayes be, then to this world farewel.

A ſeaſonable Admonition to mankind of every Age and every Condition.

AND firſt to youth that's to diſcretion grown
Let him take heed leaſt he be overthrown,
By bad examples gaind from riper years
And years with Grace not ſeaſon'd, Vice appears
More ripe and ſubtil, readier to decoy
The imitating, too apt, beardleſs boy.
You that to twenty are arriv'd, your prime
Take my advice uſe well your ſtrength and time.
For oft you find the Ax with fatal ſtroke
Before the ſhrub cuts down the ſturdy Oak.
You that full thirty years live to enjoy
Seek wiſdome now, and don't your time deſtroy
With foolish childish actions, Time invites
That then ſhould'ſt bid adieu to Youth's delights,
At forty let thy care and induſtry
Be to enrich thy home-bred family,
Taking an honeſt courſe to lay up ſtore,
That none of thine hereafter may be poor:

The

The rest of all thy dayes (freed from the cares
Of this vain world) give to thy God in Prayers.
That he may pardon thy offences all
Both actual crimes and sin Original.
If with a contrite heart, and lift up eyes (spise
Thou prayest to Heaven, he wont thy prayers de
All men must dye, but no man knowes the time
Some in their infancy, some in their prime.
Some live until they childish grow again
But those their latter dayes are grief and pain.
Then happy's he that doth make God his friend
For such there's Crowns and Kingdomes in

The End.